DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

. Subscribers finding the figure 9 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO MR. BLISS.

We enjoyed a delightful ride of twenty-five miles through green hills and ripening harvests July 10, in air as pure as that of Eden's first Sabbath morning

But while we were still miles away from the village of Rome, Pa., the home of the singer, one thing began to impress us more than all the attractions of surrounding nature—the constantly increasing crowd of vehicles, which at length formed one continuous line. A similar throng was pouring into Rome from every direction. Why this vast gathering? They were coming to honor the memory of a man who lived, and labored, and sung for Jesus—that is all! Much as the world dislikes the demands of Christianity, how well they know its truth and excellence, how they revere one of its true representatives when he is gone!

Scarcely fifteen years ago I happened to come into this village on some festal occasion, when a tall, dark-haired young man sang a war-song, an adaptation of "Dixie" to the occasion, probably one of his very first attempts. He was nobody then but a raw youth. Little did I think then that his songs would one day thrill the hearts of millions—that I myself should be moved to translate some of them, and teach them to Asiatics, as the best musical expression I could find of the sweetest gospel truth.

The humble cemetery was crowded with eager thousands; extensive booths were able to shade a part of them. A thousand Sunday-school children, and more than ten thousand others were present Mr Moody conducted the exercises, and spoke with deep feeling of the endearing qualities of the departed pair, so lovely and pleasant in life, undivided in death. He emphasized Mr. Bliss' never-failing cheerfulness, which had often sustained himself. Few eyes, of parents at least, were dry when he lifted the two sweet little children of Mr. Bliss into the view of the audience, and craved for them the prayers of all. It is the offerings of Sunday-school children which have swelled the contribution for the support of the children and the erection of the monument. May the givers, the receivers, and the commemorated, be at last all blessed and glorified together.

The music on the occasion was conducted by Messrs. Sankey and McGranahan, selections being made from the sweetest of Mr. Bliss' songs. Excellent addresses were made by Major Whittle and Drs. Vincent and Pierson. The latter emphasized most effectively the character of this singer's compositions and his own singing as opposed to the style of music so prevalent in pretentious churches.

The unveiling of the monument followed the other services. It is a beautiful shaft twenty-four feet high, with fitting inscriptions on each side. The remains do not rest here, for "the Lord hath buried him," but he who first formed can gather the scattered dust and raise the bodies of this dear man and woman in immortal glory.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*

— An *Exchange* says that a statistical table has just been published, showing the influence of intemperance on the churches. According to the judgment of the author, at least seven-eighths of all the offences requiring discipline, for the past twenty or thirty years, have originated directly or indirectly from this cause.

ENGLISH BUSINESS WOMEN.

Not only in politics but in business women appear much more prominently than they do in "America." If they do not keep hotels, which they sometimes do, they manage them, whether they are great or small. The place which in "America" is filled by that exquisite, awful, and imperturbable being, the hotel clerk, is filled invariably in England by a woman—so at least I always found it, and I found the change a very happy one. To be met by the cheery, pleasant faces of these bright, well-mannered women, to be spoken to as if you were a human being whom, in consideration of what you are to pay, it was a pleasure to make as comfortable as possible, instead of being treated with lofty condescension, or at best with serene indifference, was a pleasant sensation. And these women did their work so quietly and cheerfully, and yet in such a businesslike way, that it was a constant pleasure to come in contact with them. Dressed in black serge or alpaca, they affected no flirting airs, and directed or obeyed promptly and quietly. And yet their womanhood constantly appeared in their manner and in their thoughtfulness for the comfort of those who were in their care. They always had a pleasant word or a smile in answer to a passing remark, were always ready to answer any question or give any information, and were pleased at any acknowledgment of satisfaction. Naturally it was so, for they were women, and they were chosen, it seemed to me, for their pleasant ways as well as for their efficiency. From not one of them, from one end of England to the other, in great cities or in quiet country towns and villages, did I receive one surly word or look, or anything but the kindest and promptest attention. I can say the same of the shop women, who waited upon customers not as if they were consciously condescending in the performance of such duties, but cheerfully and pleasantly, and with a show of interest that a purchaser should be satisfied. Their dress was almost invariably the same black unornamented serge or alpaca, which, by the way, is the commonest street dress of all women of their condition. In the telegraph offices the clerks are generally women, and indeed, women, seem to do every thing except plough, drive omnibuses and railway engines, and be soldiers and policemen. They keep turnpikes, where turnpikes still exist, and in Sussex I saw a woman's name with her husband's upon the pike-house. Indeed, it seemed to me that in all public affairs, from politics down to turnpike-keeping, women were very much more engaged and before the world in England than in America.

THE BLISS MONUMENT.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.

A correspondent sends us the following account of what can be done on an income of from one to two dollars a day. We condense his statement slightly, but otherwise publish it unaltered. We can vouch for his trustworthiness:—

"A gardener has worked on our place ever since 1866, eleven years. During that time his wages have never been over $2.00 a day, and that only in high price times, it ranged from $1.65 down, the most of the time it was $1.25. His wife had no income and did no work except to take care of the children and the house, and he had no income but his wages. But during that time he kept his wife and children comfortably, fed them well, so that they were always healthy, and dressed them so that they went to day and Sunday-school, always neatly dressed; kept a cow; and saved out of his earnings enough to buy two lots, and build a house and a stable. He saved the $1,600 with which he did this in the first eight years. I do not know that he has saved anything during the last three years. But he never drank or used tobacco. He was a Protestant Irishman. During the same time we had a coachman who had from $2 to $3.50 a day; drank and smoked; owed everybody; never saved a cent; and finally, when he left, had to borrow money to get out of town."—*Christian Union.*

EXTENT OF THE TRAFFIC IN CANARIES.

The number of amateur breeders who adopt one or more of the many varieties of the canary as their specialty, and make the development of its beauties their study, is very large, as the index of the catalogue of any public exhibition can attest; but the number produced in this way is but small compared with the continuous stream poured into the London market by those who make a business of it. The city of Norwich, with the surrounding villages and hamlets, counts its breeders by the thousand while in Coventry, Derby, Northampton, Nottingham, and other towns in the midland district where labor is of a sedentary character, as well as in many towns in Yorkshire and Lancashire, the canary is the poor man's savings bank, the family pig where sanitary laws forbid the erection of a sty. In almost every house where the click of the shuttle is heard, the music of the sewing-machine or other adjunct to home industry, there, above all other sounds, rises the cheerful but noisy music of the bird-room, for small though the cottage be, the birds must have their share of it. The young ones, as soon as they can take care of themselves, are sold by the score indiscriminately, or by the pair; the proceeds materially helping to fill the stocking-foot which provides for a rainy day or the claims of Christmas. There are no breeding establishments in this country, where the work is carried on largely as a business pure and simple. It is one of those things which, perhaps, presents no better balance-sheet than does a small poultry establishment maintained expressly for a supply of eggs. Half the profit consists in the pleasure; and the other half from money which might go in more questionable ways being saved in small sums, by every investment in seed or other necessary, and returned in the lump just at a time when it is useful. The occasional self-denial called into operation to minister to the wants of creatures not able to provide for themselves, and the lessons of kindness thus taught, must also be written down on the credit side of the account.—*From "Canaries and Cage Birds."*

— Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.—*Prov.* 17, 5.

Temperance Department.

HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED

The *Alliance News*, in discussing the propriety of the Prince of Wales presiding over the dinner given by the Licensed Victuallers, points out the changed view of society with regard to the traffic It says —

How naturally and easily the Prince of Wales yielded to their request, the precedents referred to by His Royal Highness's late chaplain suffice to show at a glance. The Duke of Sussex, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales himself had done the like on previous occasions As Canon Duckworth says, "it is clear, therefore, that a large amount of royal patronage had been bestowed upon the asylum in bygone years" Certainly, if nothing about the case had undergone a change, the Prince's assent to this new request of the publicans was simply a matter of course, subject only to considerations of His Royal Highness's personal convenience

But was there no change? The Prince of Wales's late chaplain, referring to the precedents, observes significantly that they date, it is true, "from the days when the evils of the liquor traffic had not been fully exposed" There had, then, been a change, and an important one The change was this. An unwholesome fog, a mental mist, had lain from immemorial time all over the face of the country, and in the gloom, the liquor traffic, like some fungous growth, had thriven and spread unchecked on every side Its existence was taken as a matter of course, and equally of course it was no more found fault with than was frost if it happened to slay the people, or the hot sun if it parched them with its beams Here and there, it is true, somebody saw, or partly saw, what the traffic was doing John Wesley, for example declared, in strong language, that in his day it "sent men to hell like sheep" But down to a time still very recent public attention had not been much called to it In the words of Canon Duckworth "the evils of the liquor traffic had not been fully exposed" Even clergymen and philanthropists regarded it without misgiving No wonder that it received unquestioned patronage from the Duke of Sussex and the Prince Consort, and that the precedents were thus set, which, as Canon Duckworth truly remarks, "go far to justify His Royal Highness" the Prince of Wales in taking the chair at the banquet of the publicans. They do go far but the great question is, whether the time has not now come when they should go no further

For, indeed, things have changed of late years. And this is the nature of the change. The low, malarious fog of past ages has begun to be lifted, and new light is shining on all hands, bringing into view a thousand evils formerly unsuspected Philanthropist after philanthropist, like the late Mr Recorder Hill, as a result of his independent research, has come upon the stern fact, that into whatever path he may strike in trying to effect social improvement, the liquor traffic, fiend-like, starts up and blocks the way. And even the late Mr Charles Buxton, though a brewer, was constrained to declare that the war against the liquor traffic was a war of heaven against hell The Convocations first of Canterbury, then of York, have hit upon the same truth, and have joined hosts of other ministers of religion in finding that their best attempts as doers of good and preachers of righteousness are nullified and defeated by the same great evil cause In fact, the world is waking up at last to the truth that the first and most needful thing to be done to promote its physical, fiscal, moral, social, and religious welfare is to declare war, more or less thorough, against the liquor traffic And for some years past, in ever increasing numbers, the volunteers have been gathering themselves together and coming up to do earnest battle with this old-established, strongly intrenched, and powerfully-protected evil

At this juncture, then, comfort and aid to the organized liquor traffic means something very different indeed from what it formerly implied. When battle is joined, to aid one of the combatants looks too much like being of his party. When Roumania extends a benevolent neutrality to Russia, its motives are lost sight of in the significance of its acts. And when the Chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society sees the Prince of Wales kindly and charitably sitting in the asylum chair, he, and not only he, but the public at large, interprets it as involving certainly some moral support and aid to the cause of the widely assailed liquor traffic

This then, is the change, and in view of it, we venture to think that the old precedents have gone far enough, and should in future be allowed to be forgotten We trust that this will be the case, and that hereafter, when the embattled publicans are meeting the shock of their fast-multiplying antagonists, they will not have even the pretext of to-day for the boast that over their standard they are allowed to exhibit the Prince of Wales feathers.

TEETOTALISM IN INDIA.

—"On Guard" for June, 1877, says that "the fact that the April register (of the British army in India) returns 9,768 men of all ranks, and 935 women and children, giving a total of 10,703, proves indisputably that the movement has become exceedingly popular, and that the advantages of perfect sobriety are so apparent in the barrack-room that the men involuntarily enrol themselves as pledged abstainers against the use of intoxicating drink.' It adds:—

The following paragraph from Sir Henry Norman's letter, dated 3rd October, 1876, will be read with interest — "In the Bengal Presidency, in the year 1865-66, with an average strength throughout the year of 27,508 British soldiers, the consumption was 281,378 gallons, while in 1874-75, with an average strength of 38,104 soldiers, the consumption had fallen to 206,069 gallons. In other words, with 573 soldiers more the consumption has been 73,309 gallons less." Total abstinence is always a blessing to those who practice it in health, but it is invaluable when sickness breaks out, it enables the sufferer to respond to medical treatment very much more quickly, and it has enabled many a man on the line of march to keep in the ranks and bear the fatigues of the journey with much greater strength than those who were stimulating themselves with the habitual dram, which increased thirst, without imparting strength. The following letter has been received by the secretary, authorizing him to draw the sum granted — "The Government of India having, in connection with questions pertaining to the health of the army, recognized the importance of discouraging the use of alcoholic drinks by the British soldier in India, have watched with interest the work done by the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association. It is therefore with great pleasure that the Hon. the President in Council notices the success—as shown by your annual reports—that has attended the efforts of the association, and as it is known that a regular income is much needed to meet the cost of books and your travelling charges and other incidental expenses, I am directed to inform you that the Government of India are pleased to sanction a grant in aid to the association of Rs 150 a month."

Teetotalism is thus established by the Government of India—a fact worth noticing.—*Alliance News.*

WHAT THE MATTER WAS.

Norman Kerr, M.D., F.L.S., of London, read a paper at a recent meeting presided over by the Bishop of Chichester, in which he stated the following fact:—

Alcohol, being of a thirsty nature, seizes upon water wherever that exists, and thus at once begins its work as a disturber of the functions of the living body by depriving the mouth and salivary glands of a portion of their natural moisture, and in this way the use of alcoholic liquors, so far from quenching the natural desire for fluid, simply irritates and provokes an unnatural thirst. The stomach is robbed of natural moisture in the same imperious way, the inner coats are irritated, inflamed, and ulcerated, and the natural process of digestion is rudely and seriously disturbed. A steady daily perseverance in this irritation and ill-usage of the stomach greatly disturbs the digestive organs, and frequently induces, even in those who—though regular—are very careful and limited drinkers, that intractable and depressing disease, alcoholic dyspepsia. More than half of all the cases of this ailment that I have had under my care, have been in the persons of respectable, well-living, and orderly citizens against whom no one could whisper even a suspicion of intemperance. As a type of the mere physical suffering accompanying digestive disturbance arising from a very limited indulgence in alcohol, I may narrate the case of a clergyman who consulted me some time ago He was thirty-eight years of age, and naturally of a wiry, healthy constitution, very active, of sanguine, nervous temperament, and of strictly regular habits. He stated that he was frequently subject to severe attacks of palpitation of the heart, suffered from constant nausea and flatulence, had little or no appetite, was afraid to be alone anywhere, and never went into the pulpit without a dread of dropping down dead. He was the very picture of misery, but after examining him carefully, and finding that he never smoked, I came to the conclusion that the *fons et origo mali* was the daily indulgence in one pint of beer and two glasses of wine, with occasionally half a glass of spirits as a night-cap, the latter allowance being resorted to only when in a state bordering on desperation from want of rest and sleep I prescribed a gentle tonic, and insisted on total and immediate abstinence. He was exceedingly uncomfortable for the first fortnight, but after that all the former distressing symptoms began rapidly and steadily to disappear, till, in a couple of months, he described himself as a "free man, emancipated and disenthralled by the genius of unconditional abstinence."

ALCOHOL FOR MOTHERS.

It is through the agency of the vitiated blood of the mother that a large percentage of the mortality of infants is directly and indirectly caused by drinking. I have known half a glass of whiskey taken by a nursing mother give rise, in a few hours, to the most alarming symptoms in an infant, who ultimately made a narrow recovery; and I have frequently had occasion to examine the bodies of infants whose deaths were clearly traceable to the direct effects of the alcohol imbibed at the maternal breast, the mother all the while unconscious of any possible mischief to her little darling from her own daily so-called "moderate" drinking. Many medical men have recorded instances where beer and porter were the sole cause of infantile diarrhœa, convulsions, and wasting sickness, and I have again and again been enabled to put an effectual stop to the disease and emaciation of infants at the breast by the simple prescription of non-alcoholic diet to the mother, or of unalcoholized and innocent artificial food to the child. The every-day prescription of "nourishing stout" to the nursing mothers is not scientific medicine, but is the grossest quackery, and is but too often productive of the most lamentable results to both mother and child, and the resort to alcoholic beverages in such circumstances is a practice that ought no longer to be tolerated in an educated and civilized community. Where the child's natural food is deficient in quantity oatmeal gruel or porridge, cows' milk, farinaceous food, and good beefsteaks will accomplish all that is desired, but all the alcohol in the world will never add a drop to the store of real milk. It will only dilute, adulterate, and poison the previous scanty supply. Most distressing cases have come under my own observation where the lowest depths of drunken degradation have been reached by females brought up as abstainers, whose first introduction to the "maddening bowl" was reluctantly forced upon them on the unfounded plea that alcohol was imperatively demanded to support the constitution under the continuous drain arising from the nursing of strong and hungry children. For the mother and for the infant there is no nutriment in alcohol, but for both there is ever bodily risk and moral danger, and the only safe regimen is that prescribed of old by the great ruler of the universe, when, with wine and strong drink forbidden, He

"Made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the limpid brook."

THE LARGEST COCOA-ROOMS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Dowkontt writes:—The need has been long felt of another place of this description in Liverpool, and the friends of the movement will rejoice to hear that premises, built for the purpose, have been opened to the public, and are being thoroughly appreciated by the busy crowds that throng the thoroughfare facing the Huskisson Dock, opposite which the Cocoa-Rooms are situated. It contains two rooms, which are each capable of holding 500, and ample offices and appliances are provided to insure the prompt supply of refreshments.

The opening took place on Tuesday, the 5th ult., when that most earnest and noble champion of the working classes, T. B. Smithies (editor of the *British Workman*), delivered a very stirring address to those present in the upper room, in which the meeting was held. The platform was filled with commercial and other gentlemen, and the body of the hall crowded by the working classes. The speaking over, a free distribution of cocoa to all present took place, and it was indeed very good in quality, the scene being one that some of our artists would have done well to sketch. This is the twenty-fourth house of the kind in Liverpool, and as a proof of their being self-supporting, one of the speakers stated that the shareholders had realized a profit of 10 per cent. By far the larger number of these houses are filled, or partly so, all day.

One good plan which the committee have adopted is, not to spare expense, so as to get houses in a leading thoroughfare, close to where a body of men are employed, in the docks or such places, fitting them up, inside and out, in an attractive and comfortable manner. Another good plan is the issuing of copper checks, made like a penny in size, and bearing the stamp of the company: the advantage of these being that persons can purchase them, and give them to men instead of money, so preventing the money thus given being spent in beer, &c.—*Word and Work.*

IN THE STREETS AT NIGHT.

"His father don't allow him to be in the streets at night," said Will Carson in a mocking tone; "better tie the baby to the bedpost with his mother's apron-strings."

John Mellen's face flushed at these taunts. No boy likes to be ridiculed, especially when a crowd of his playfellows are standing by.

"Be a man and come along with us," said Harry Jones. "You are old enough now to think and act for yourself."

"Come, John, come with us," said another. "We shall have a grand time. It won't hurt you just for once to have a little fun."

"No," said John. "I shall mind my father The Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and I shall do it."

"Come on, boys," said Will, starting off; "don't stand listening to his preaching."

John went home, and in preparing his lessons for the next day and joining in the home pleasures he had forgotten all about the boys. The next morning, on his way to school, he heard that the boys had been arrested and sent to jail for being drunk and disorderly. Think how anxious their parents must have been all through the night, and then to be told that they were in jail! How it must have surprised and pained them.

Don't be wandering in the streets at night, boys. It is a bad habit, and nothing but harm can come of it. Hundreds of boys are ruined through being in the streets at night.

John Mellen made a happy and prosperous man. And so will every boy who fears God, stands up for the right, and honors his father and mother.—*Children's Friend.*

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND TAXES.

Thomas Talbot, Governor of Massachusetts, addressing the Legislature of that State, two years ago, said: "When I think of the victims to the use of intoxicating liquors in every village of the Commonwealth, when I consider our almshouses, and hospitals, and homes for the fallen and friendless; when I look into our jails, work-houses, houses of correction, and the State prison and when I try to comp ute the losses and charges upon all our industries, by reason of imperfect labor, and the taxes for the support of those institutions for reformation and punishment, my judgment unqualifiedly condemns, and my heart and my manhood rebel against any system that would permit the great source of all wrong and misery and crime to exist by authority of the Commonwealth. My convictions against the policy of such a movement are too solemn and resistless for me to hesitate as to my duty. It seems to me that the only safe and sound position for a Christian community to take in regard to this matter is that of absolute and unqualified opposition to the traffic."

When W. E. Gladstone was Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, a deputation of brewers waited on him, to remind him of the loss the revenue would sustain by any farther restrictions on the liquor-traffic. His reply, as reported, was:—"Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reforms. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I will know where to obtain the revenue."

CIDER DRINKING.—The results of cider drinking are arresting the attention of temperance workers as never before. And well they may. Not only do many practice and countenance the drinking of it on account of its domestic and often harmless nature, but this practice has intrenched itself among a class of citizens not usually given to the use of the recognized intoxicants. But some of the most flagrant crimes of late years have recently been committed under the stimulus of this very juice of the apple. The subject was brought to the attention of the New Hampshire Legislature at its last session, and a law was enacted forbidding the sale of fermented cider in less quantities than ten gallons. It is a wise law. It may be scolded about for a while, but as people think about it they will, if they are honest, admit that the sale of cider ought to be regulated if not prevented by law. It is certainly time that Christian people refuse to have anything to do with the stuff, except in the good and wholesome form of vinegar.—*Morning Star.*

Rest in the Lord, and
wait patiently for Him.

PSA. 37: 7.

NURSING AS AN OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.

Before entering on nursing as a profession, there are several very serious considerations to be taken into account. The first and most important one is, Health. "Have you," writes an old superintendent of nurses, "have you sufficiently good health to stand an amount of hard work to which you have never before been accustomed; and that work joined with a large amount of mental work, which draws upon the physical resources as much if not more than mere bodily exertion, and this continued for seven days a week, not for six?" The second consideration is, that the nurse has to do, and must do, many things which are far from pleasant and agreeable, especially to refined and cultivated women. Hence great self-control is requisite, and a determination to accept all the duties of her calling with patience and good temper. Great intelligence is also absolutely necessary for a nurse. without it, she cannot possibly rise to a high rank in her calling. Lastly, a nurse must have a good knowledge of all domestic duties—such as sweeping, dusting, scouring, bed-making, and the rudiments, at least, of cooking. Some knowledge about house-linen is very needful. the various kinds of linen, cotton, blankets, feathers, and hair used; in fact, all the particulars which may be of service in the hygiene of nursing. The greatest obstacle to the general adoption of this profession as a remunerative one by women is the two-fold difficulty of getting suitable training and of finding employment when trained. Those who know anything of the present arrangements of hospitals will acknowledge that many changes must take place before women of the middle and upper-middle classes, or, indeed, any woman of decency and refinement, could study in them with much advantage or comfort. Cases have been known where the nurses have been expected to cater for themselves and to cook their own food, running the risk of being called away before they even had time to eat their poor morsel of badly-prepared food! Under such circumstances, neither health nor work could long be retained. The cause of the many complaints against hospital nursing is, no doubt, the fact that for centuries it has been left in the hands of a very low and uneducated class, whilst now the advancing spirit of the day is attracting towards it women of a higher social standing and educational culture. It is calculated that there are outside the walls of hospitals at least 230,000 sick people in our own country who daily need a nurse's care. The vast field of labor this one fact implies shows us that, when once the needful training can be obtained, no woman need be without employment. * * *

We have been particular in mentioning the difficulties in the way of the would-be nurse, as we fear, in many instances, the romantic halo which has been thrown over the calling has proved the attraction to its adoption. The profession is one of the highest and noblest to which woman is called, but the preceding drudgery is disheartening and painful, and, in order to do any work easily and well, it is needful to learn the rudiments thoroughly, and to train and command others it is first necessary oneself to serve, to learn, and to obey.—*From "Occupations Accessible to Women," in "Cassell's Household Guide," for July.*

DANGEROUS PAPER HANGINGS

The sanitary chemist of Breslau, Dr. Franz Hulwa, reports that he has frequently found not inconsiderable quantities of arsenic in tapestries and hangings sent to him for examination. It was not alone in the well-known bright green paper that arsenic was found, but also in bluish green, gray, brown, and red patterns, corresponding to similar results in other places.

In most cases it was not due to the direct use of arsenical pigments like Scheele's green, Paris green, Brauschweig or Brunswick greens, orpiment, royal yellow, etc., but the arsenical reaction was so strong that it ought not to be passed over in silence. The presence of arsenic was attributable in some cases to impurities or adulterations, sometimes it was referred to additions made to brighten the shades of color. Not infrequently suspiciously bright green paper was printed over with harmless dull green to make it more salable. Such hangings must be the more dangerous because people are deceived in regard to their poisonous characters. In one such case, a dull bluish green pattern was found to contain a surprisingly large amount of arsenic. In another beautiful green and very elegant velvet paper, the arsenic was evidently added to increase the brilliancy of the colors. The amount of arsenic on 1,000 square feet of surface of this paper, enough for a large room, was about 2 grammes, or 30 grains.

Lakes, which are precipitates from alkaline solutions of organic coloring matter by means of alum or chloride of tin, frequently have arsenic added to them to make them brighter and more pleasing. These lakes were made of madder, cochineal, and sandal-wood, but the brightest and most beautiful are the lakes made with aniline colors with the addition of arsenic. In the lakes we meet with a series of dangerous colors previously but little noticed, these colors must now all be suspected of containing arsenic. Reichard of Jena found from 1.96 to 3.49 per cent. of arsenious acid in such lakes which were designated as free from arsenic. Hallwachs, of Darmstadt, found an enormous quantity of arsenic in a very popular Pompeiian red paper hanging. In one French paper, printed with dark red velvet flowers on gold ground, arsenic was distinctly proven by the Reinsch, Battendorf, and Marsh tests, and with Fleck's silver solution.

Arsenic is least suspected in the dull gray or brown hangings. These indefinite mixed colors are frequently made from the residues of different dye pots and contain arsenic, partially for this reason, and partially because of the greater or less contamination of the raw materials used in dyeing with this poisonous substance. These phases of the case were observed both in a yellowish gray paper with gold figures, and one of light and dark pattern, the brown contained 2.1 grammes on a surface of 1,000 square feet. Although the figures are relatively small as compared with those of Sonnenschein, where green papers contained 1.8 to 4.4 grammes of arsenic in a square foot of surface, yet in general the injuriousness of arsenical hangings has been established. Gmelin first proved that living in rooms covered with arsenical paint or paper was very destructive to health; and these facts were substantiated by Oppenheim, Bunsen, Von Fabian, Klotzinski, Phillips, and others. Besides the above mentioned investigators, the following chemists have examined this subject, namely, Gintl, Wittstein, Halley, Williams, Basedow, Vohl, Kirchgaser, Hagar, Hamberg, and others. Recently Fleck has furnished the most striking proofs, by his very interesting and rationally conducted experiments, that not only does breathing the arsenical dust loosened from the walls and hangings injure the health, but that, by the action of moisture and adhesive organic substances, like glue, paste, and gum, the arsenical pigments evolve that terribly poisonous arseniuretted hydrogen gas, which is diffused through the room and may be the cause of dangerous illness. It is desirable, says Hulwa, to direct public attention to the use of arsenical colors in clothing, artificial flowers, toys, window and lamp shades, wafers and other articles. The public must be continually taught that arsenical colors have already done much harm, and are capable of seriously injuring the health, and ought, as much as possible, to be excluded from common use. The sanitary police of Breslau, acting on Hulwa's suggestion, have passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of goods colored with arsenical dyes or pigments. —*Scientific American.*

WHY THE BAROMETER RISES AND FALLS.

First of all, what is a barometer? It is a tube or pipe, closed at one end and open at the other, and made of some transparent material, such as glass, so that it may be seen through. This tube is filled with the melted metal called mercury, and when quite full, the thumb is placed over the open end (so as to keep the mercury from falling out), and the tube is turned upside down. So the closed end is at the top, the open end at the bottom, and if the thumb were removed, the mercury would, of course, run out. But now suppose you wished not to waste any, and so put the open end of the tube into a basin with some more mercury in it, and then removed your thumb, what would happen? "Why, the mercury would all run out into the basin," some one will say. But this is a mistake, as the Italian philosopher Torricelli found out: and whatever size or length of tube be taken, the whole of the mercury will not run out, but a length of about thirty inches of the tube will remain full of mercury, and you cannot make it run out into the basin unless you either pull the open end of the tube out of the mercury or make a hole in the closed end of the tube. This puzzled Torricelli for a long time, until at last the thought struck him that the only thing which was on the mercury in the basin was the air, and that it was probably the weight of the air pressing on the metal which prevented its running out into the basin. "If so," thought Torricelli, "then if I take my tube and basin of mercury up a mountain, less and less of the tube will remain full, for there is evidently less air above the basin at the top of the mountain than at the bottom." You may be sure he didn't wait very long before he made the experiment; and to his great delight, he found the mercury getting lower and lower in the tube, thus proving that it really was the weight of the air that kept it in the tube at all, and so the instrument was called a barometer, which is derived from the Greek, and means in plain English, a "weight measurer." But if the barometer is watched it will be found to contain different quantities of mercury on different days. On a fine day the mercury will, as a rule, stand higher in the tube than on a wet day or just before rain; and now for the reason of this. Why does the barometer rise (or, rather the mercury in it) in fine weather, and fall when it is going to be wet?

. . Now dry air is much heavier than wet air, or air containing steam. The consequence is, that when the air gets moist it becomes lighter, and presses less on the mercury of the the barometer, so more mercury flows out into the basin, and, consequently, less remains in the tube, or as we usually express it, the barometer falls. Now, when the air is very wet, there is, of course, more chance of rain than when it is dry, for rain is formed by the cooling of the steam contained in moist air. *From "Little Folks" for July.*

Shade Trees.—The custom of having a profusion of trees around the dwelling, almost a mania in some instances, is as unphysiological as it is inconvenient. And when these trees are evergreens, as they sometimes are, the evil is still more apparent, shutting out the light of the glorious sun at all times, but particularly in the winter, when this is especially grateful to all sentient beings. Light is a positive necessity of animal and vegetable life—no more so of vegetable than of animal life. The foliage of these trees is often so thick as to effectually shut out every ray of light, leaving what should be the home, where it is intended that youthful bodies and immortal spirits should be properly reared, dark, damp and desolate, in appearance but little less than a prison-house. Under such circumstances the dampness is everywhere, the darkness is grown so thick as to be felt, mould is on the walls, in the cellar, moisture in the bedding, *malaria* practically filling the house. The carpets are not faded—only mouldy—but the cheeks and lips of the young are, and the nerve, energy, and vigor and endurance are wasted. The inmates may not be tanned and freckled, but in their stead are the pale and cadaverous countenances, the sallow look of blight and ruin. The sore throats, the weak eyes—light is the food of the eye—the flaccid muscles, the general prostration, all indicate the violence inflicted. The whole idea is wrong, nearly or quite suicidal. All nature loves the light, rejoices in the sun, basks in its life-imparting, joy-inspiring and health-evolving beams. Man alone shuns this boon. Cut down those trees, or most of them, if they shut out most of the light from the home; consign them to the stove, and in that way one blessing will follow—warmth, while diseases will diminish. —*Watchman*

Remedy for Insect Bites.—When a mosquito, flea, gnat, or other noxious insect, punctures the human skin, it deposits or injects an atom of acidulous fluid of a poisonous nature. The results are irritation, a sensation of tickling, itching, or of pain. The tickling of flies we are comparatively indifferent about, but the itch produced by a flea, or gnat, or other noisome insect, disturbs our serenity, and, like the pain of a wasp or a bee sting, excites us to a remedy. The best remedies for the sting of insects are those which will instantly neutralize this acidulous poison deposited in the skin. These are either ammonia or borax. The alkaline reaction of borax is scarcely yet sufficiently appreciated. However, a time will come when its good qualities will be known, and more valued than ammonia, or, as it is commonly termed, "hartshorn." The solution of borax for insect bites is made thus: Dissolve one ounce of borax in one pint of water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Instead of plain water, distilled rose water, elder, or orange flower water, is more pleasant. The bites are to be daubed with the solution so long as there is any irritation. For bees' or wasps' stings, the borax solution may be made of twice the above strength. In every farm-house this solution should be kept as a household remedy.—*S. Pacific.*

—There is a factory in Idar, Germany, where the coloring of stones for art purposes is said to be carried on to a greater extent and more perfectly than in any other part of the world, the process pursued in thus converting chalcedonies and red and yellow cornelians into onyxes resulting in the production of admirable specimens, which are known and prized in all the markets of Europe and America. The peculiarity of this process consists in the fact that the ribbons or zones in the different varieties of chalcedony—which in the kidney-formed masses of that substance, lie superimposed—differ in their texture and compactness, but, owing to their similarity of color in the natural state, they can only be distinguished from each other with difficulty. The stone is, however, capable of absorbing fluids in the direction of the strata, and as the strata possess this property in different degrees, it necessarily follows that if a colored fluid be absorbed, and the quantity taken up by the pores of the stone is different from every stratum or zone, a number of tints will be produced corresponding to the number of zones, each being distinct, and colored in proportion to the quantity of the fluid absorbed. In this way a specimen of stone naturally but slightly colored may be rendered equal to fine stratified chalcedony or onyx, and may be employed equally well in the engraving of cameos, or for any other purpose where the variety of color can be rendered available.

DOMESTIC.

PROPRIETY IN DRESS.

Propriety, that is fitness for our purpose goodness in its own kind, and suitability to ourselves at the present time. Fitness of purpose is a very conspicuous element in propriety, and often strikes people at once. But, unfortunately, fashion sometimes leaves it quite out of sight; and girls who wish to dress in the fashion fancy that they can conform in such particulars without injury. But no girl looks well dressed with, *e. g.*, a hat which is no screen, for the purpose of having a hat is to screen the head. No girl looks well dressed without a mantle of some sort in very cold weather, unless the material of her dress tells at once that she cannot be cold. Tell me, for yourselves, whether any article of dress which is smaller than nature intended the organ inside it to be, can be otherwise than a disfigurement? A slender figure, high instops, small hands and feet, may be as great deformities, as truly abnormal, and therefore revolting to unsophisticated eyes,—as extreme in the opposite direction. Your good sense tells you at once that as soon as any member is out of proportion with the whole body it is unsightly. But carry on the same thought a step farther, and you will see that articles of clothing which make you look deformed can never be in good taste. The head bears a certain fixed proportion to the figure, the back of the head to the face and to the neck, the waist to the shoulders, the feet to the height. If you are deformed in any of these particulars, we pity you from our hearts, and will do our best to cheer you under your affliction. But to pretend a deformity until it becomes real, to simulate a distorted figure which no painter or sculptor could work from—is unworthy of educated persons. First, then, in determining the propriety of any garment, think whether it really answers the purpose for which it is intended, and looks as if it did so. Reject fanciful trimmings and elaborate devices in rough clothing, or wherever mud, snow and rain will come into contact, and clumsy or coarse contrivances for the drawing-room, especially in those articles which represent a lady's linen—that embodiment of refinement and purity. Reject shoes and boots which even look as if they could not be walked in, dresses which do not cover your body, jackets which look too tight, kirts which look as if they could never be free from soil. One more caution; but it is a very serious one, almost too serious, only that your freedom of action must be taken away from you if you neglect it, lest you should run into dangers which we would willingly ignore, but dare not. Reject all out of doors clothing, whether in detail or as a whole, which looks "attractive," "fascinating," or "distinguished." When you are out of doors, you have no business to attract, to fascinate or to be in any way conspicuous.—*Fireside.*

Fried Omelet.—Three eggs, two gills milk, two tablespoonfuls flour, a little salt and pepper. Fry on a hot griddle.

Sugar Cookies (Very Good).—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, five cups flour, two tablespoonfuls of sour milk (or if sweet milk, add two teaspoonfuls cream tartar sifted in the flour), one small teaspoonful soda and spice to suit the taste. Bake quick.

To Set Geraniums.—Having seen the statement that scarlet geraniums are almost useless to the Flower Mission, as they are such travellers, I call attention to the fact that we find that a mixture of shellac spirit of wine, put into a little can such as is used for oiling a sewing-machine, and a very little of the mixture dropped into geraniums, pelargoniums, and azaleas, "sets" them so that they do not fall, and they travel beautifully from the country to London after being treated in this way. The proportion should be about a tea-spoonful of shellac to two of spirits of wine. The smell caused by the spirits of wine soon goes off, but as the mixture stains the flower a little, it is better used for colored than white flowers. Of course the flowers should be set before they are made into bouquets. This plan has saved us so much annoyance that I think it should be well known.

THE RED-HOT PENNY.

Everybody in the village of Hoppinglee rejoiced that Squire Meadows, during the winter months when the roads were bad, agreed to allow the highway travellers to go across his own private road, and out into the public thoroughfare again on the other side. This short cut lessened the traveller's journey by a good mile and a half, for otherwise he would have had to go all round the park, which he was now permitted to pass through.

During the winter, therefore, the traffic along this private road became so great, that some of the village boys were in the habit of turning an honest penny by opening the gate at the entrance of the grounds, for the carriages and light carts that came by that way.

One evening Sam and Ben (for these were their names) remained there later than usual. It had been market-day in the neighboring town, so many carts had passed, and the children were still lingering in the hope of some more chances for a penny, as the drivers of the market-carts had not hitherto proved very generous.

Presently Sam paused in his jumping over a snowy stump, and said. "Ben, do you hear anything?"

Both boys listened, and in a moment or two their practised ears detected the quick trot of a horse on the snowy ground. The gate was flung open in an instant, and a dog-cart passed through, driven by a gentleman, who flung a copper to the boys as he went by.

The snow was deep, and the penny fell with some force, and sank into it, so that in the waning twilight it could not be readily seen. However, both boys were down at once on their hands and knees, hunting eagerly for the hidden treasure.

Once more the sound of wheels met their ear, and just as Sam sprang to the gate to open it, Ben's hand turned over some snow, and lighted on the penny. Acting upon a sudden impulse he popped it into his pocket, saying to himself, "Sam needn't know, and then to-morrow I can buy that whistle I've been wanting so long." The carriage passed on its way, but the coachman gave the boys nothing, and Sam returned to the search.

"You've not found it, have you?" said he, as Ben still feigned to look for the money.

"No, I'm afraid it's no use looking any more," replied Ben; "it's rather cold; shall we go?"

"All right," said Sam. "We'll come down early in the morning, and look for it." So off went the brothers to their home.

Poor Ben crept into bed without saying his prayers that night. Somehow he did not feel as if he could pray, with that penny, and the lie he had told about it, burning into his conscience. Neither could he sleep. The money was under his pillow, and he felt as if it was getting hotter and hotter, till it scorched his cheek. Restlessly he tossed about, till at last, towards morning, he fell into an unquiet, dreamful slumber.

But even in his dreams the penny seemed to scorch him. Now he was racing, as if for life, down a snowy road, and a great big penny like a dagger behind him. At another time he thought he was struggling in a river, with ice over his head, and a penny hung round his neck, dragging him down, down to the bottom.

At last he woke, the horror of his dreams still upon him. He could bear the stings of conscience no longer.

"Sam," said he, "I want to tell you something. I *did* find that penny after all, and here it is, and I'm so unhappy, I don't know what to do."

Then tender-hearted Sam put his arms round his brother, and tried to comfort him; but seeing that nothing made him feel much better, he whispered at last, "Come, Ben, let's kneel down here and tell God about it. Mother says that's the only way to get right again." So they knelt down together by Sam's bed, and Ben sobbed out a confession of his sin, and prayed to be forgiven. Then the boys went back to their beds, and fell asleep.

We are glad to tell you that Ben did not lose his tender conscience as he grew older, nor did he ever forget the misery of what he called the "Red-hot penny night." Oh dear children, most of you know that no punishment can be more severe than that of our own conscience, when we have done wrong. Perhaps you have learned (God grant that you may have done so!) what alone can give this guilty conscience peace. But to those who have not yet learned, let us say that nothing can bring rest to the burdened heart, but coming to God, confessing the sin, and asking humbly for pardon, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Child's Companion.*

NEWSY DAISY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Daisy Lester, who was very fond of telling news, would also tell naughty stories. She was a quiet little thing, fond of curling down in a corner of the lounge or windowseat when her mother had company, and listening to the conversation; and then, going among the neighbors, she often repeated, with additions of her own, what she had heard. Sometimes she would even make up stories out of whole cloth. So she caused a great deal of trouble, of course, a number of times, by telling these false stories about people; and there were quarrels in consequence before the wicked, wrong stories were traced back to "newsy Daisy Lester," as she came to be called.

Daisy was now ten years old. She had been scolded and punished for her bad habit, and had promised to be a better girl in future. Her mother was even beginning to take courage and believe that Daisy would never tell another wrong story. But one day Lizzie, who was Daisy's twelve-year-old sister, came in from school with a pale, tearstained face, saying, "O mamma, it has been such a miserable day! Daisy has been 'making up' again, and she got Jane State and Ruth Brooks punished. When the teacher found out they had not done wrong, and that Daisy had told a lie, she tied her up to the door-latch with her pocket-handkerchief, told all the children to laugh, and point their fingers at her, and say, 'For shame!' O mamma, you don't know how it sounded! I am so mortified I don't think I can ever go to school again."

Daisy came slowly into the room just then, and stood with drooping head near the table without looking in her mother's face. Mrs. Lester considerately kissed both her little girls, and told them to run and get ready for tea. When they came back with fresh clean faces and shining hair, she put new white aprons on them, and while they were at table, instead of talking about the day's trouble, she said, "I am going to call on Grandma Lester. Lizzie can come with me, and Daisy may take this large thistle which has gone to seed, and, pulling

out one seed at a time,—like this,—scatter them all about the village. There is attached to each seed a bit of down, so, when you toss it up, the wind will catch it and bear it along. You must keep account of every seed, so as to tell me how many you have scattered when you get back."

"Oh, this is splendid!" said Daisy as she danced down the street, throwing up a seed every few steps, and watching it as the light wind kept it floating before her.

"Come, girls," she cried to some of her companions who were playing croquet; "this is better fun than soap-bubbles. Come with me; I'm going down this way to Goose Lane, and back on Church street home. My mamma didn't care about what happened at school to-day. She never said a single word when Lizzie told her about it, but just dressed me up clean, gave me these lovely thistle balloons to play with, and let me go out to walk."

The children joined readily in the sport, and soon Daisy had quite a group following her, blowing the little down-winged seed-vessels, which they called "birds, bees, fairies, and butterflies." They had a charming time. To be sure, two or three men scolded them for sowing bad seed, saying it was against the law, and that all the men in the township had joined for years in trying to kill out those noxious plants. Old Mr. Chapin chased them, and shook his cane at them; but they ran laughing and shouting away, and he went with his complaint to Daisy's mother.

"How many seeds did you scatter?" asked Mrs. Lester when she met her little girl, flushed and laughing, at the gate.

"O mamma!" cried Daisy, "I counted one hundred and ten, and we got into such a frolic I forgot all about it."

The next day was Saturday, and there was no school. Mrs. Lester dressed her little daughters in pretty pink gowns and white aprons, and after breakfast told Lizzie she could go to ride to Greenfield with her father, "but Daisy," she said, "must go and hunt up every one of those thistle-seeds she scattered last night. Old Mr. Chapin came complaining to me about them, and I told him I would warrant they should do no harm. You had better not come home until you have found them all; you know there were a great many more than a hundred."

Mrs. Lester seemed to be so much in earnest that although Daisy was much surprised she dared not say a word. She tied on her hat and went out into the street, where she found several of her companions, and told them what she had been bidden to do; but they were all going to the woods on West Mountain for nuts, and ran away, leaving her to go on her quest alone.

She walked carefully down the street, looking to the right and left, but not one seed could she find. Quite discouraged by the time she reached Goose Lane, she began to cry. Just then old Mr. Chapin came along, and asked her, "What's the matter, Newsy Daisy?"

"I don't want you to call me names," whimpered the little girl; "I'm looking for the thistle-seed I sowed last night, and I can't find one of them."

"Of course you cannot find them in the road," said the old gentleman; "they flew away into the fields, where they will take root and spring up, and cause no end of mischief."

Daisy looked until she found a place in the fence where she could crawl through into the meadow, and in doing so tore the trimming off her hat. She wandered on through the swamp, got caught in a thicket, scrambled over a wall into a pasture, where she got frightened at some cows, and, crawling through some bars, was again in Goose Lane.

It was growing near dinner time. Daisy was hungry, but not one thistle-seed had she found. "What shall I do?" she sobbed; "mamma looked so stern I dare not go home without the seeds. I guess I'll go up Church street a little way."

A carriage presently rolled along close to the sidewalk, and a sweet voice called, "Come and ride, Sister Daisy." Turning, Daisy saw it was her papa and Lizzie.

"O mamma!" said Daisy, beginning to cry again, as her mother lifted her from the carriage, "I couldn't find one seed."

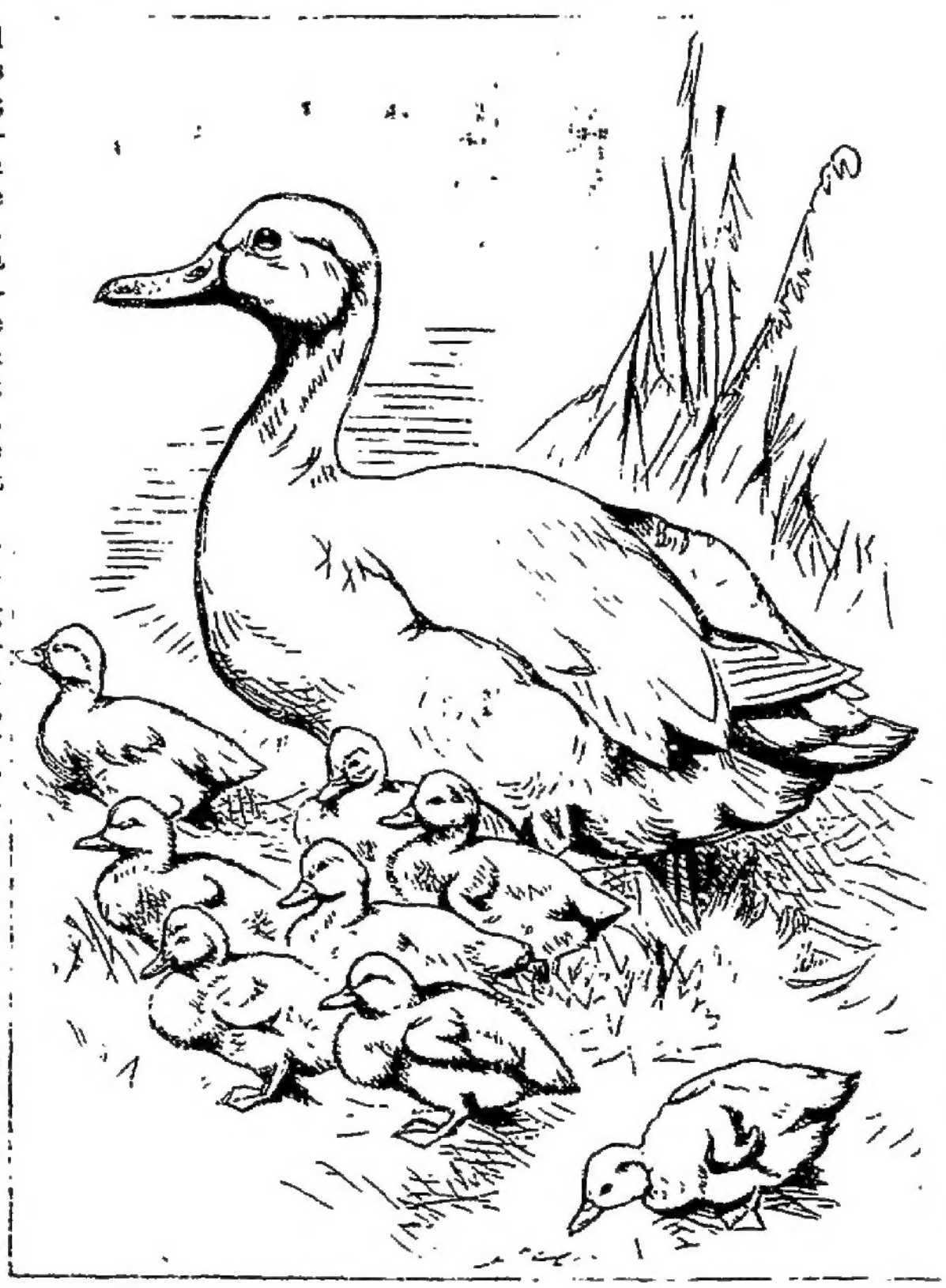
Mrs. Lester looked very grave. "What will become of them?" she asked.

"Oh! they will take root and grow, and go to seed, and new ones will spring from them, and they will cause a great deal of trouble, and papa will have to pay a fine. Old Mr. Chapin told me about it," and Daisy cried as if her heart would break.

"Don't you think the wrong stories my little girl is so fond of telling, are like thistle-seeds?" asked mamma.

Daisy understood the lesson, and pondered upon it, and it cured her of telling wrong stories.

Long afterwards her mother told her that she had soaked the thistle-head in boiling-hot water to kill the germ of the seeds, and thoroughly dried it in a hot oven, before she gave it to her little girl to pull to pieces and scatter about.—*S. S. Times.*



DRAWING LESSON.

Outline Drawing by Mr. Harrison Weir, as a Drawing Lesson for the young.

—*Infants' Magazine.*

THE FARMER'S FAITH.

A peasant was once admitted to the presence of one of the kings of Sweden. The king, knowing him to be a person of singular piety, asked him, "What he took to be the true nature of faith?" The peasant entered deeply into the subject, and much to the king's comfort and satisfaction. The king at last, lying on his death-bed, put the same question to those about him, "What is real faith?" His attendants advised him to send for the Archbishop of Upsoll: who, coming to the king's bedside, began in a learned, logical manner, to enter into the scholastic definition of faith. When he had done the king said with much energy, "All this is ingenious, but not comfortable. Nothing, after all, but the farmer's faith will do for me."

Oh, that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!

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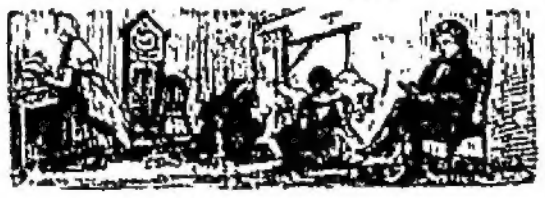


The Family Circle.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

The farmer came in from the field one day,
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow, his sinewy hand,
All showed his work for the good of the land
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for her husband's band:
For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the good of the home

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out,
The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about
The brook babbles softly in the glen,
While he works so bravely for the good of men
For he sows,
And he mows,
And he hoes,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,
The dishes to wash, the milk to skim,
The fire goes out, flies buzz about –
For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout.
There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake
And steps to take,
All for the sake of home.

When the day is o'er, and the evening is come,
The creatures are fed, the milking done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free:
Though he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
He rests from the work of the land

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes her burden up that's never done,
There is no rest, there is no play,
For the good of the house she must work away,
For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home

When autumn is here, with its chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crop at last,
His barns are full, his fields are bare,
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care
While it blows,
And it snows,
Till winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land

But the willing wife, till life's closing day
Is the children's guide, the husband's stay
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest;
For after the test
Comes the rest,
With the blest,
In the farmer's heavenly home

—*Christian Union*

ISAAC'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY ELMER LANSDR

Isaac was a queer fellow rather an old-fashioned boy, some people said, and a very good reason he had, too, for being old-fashioned, for he was brought up by his grandmother. She was a dear old lady, but behaved, as many old people do, that old times and old ways were the best

Isaac was the delight of her heart, and of her eyes, too, for she thought he was the most beautiful boy in existence. Innocent old lady! everybody didn't agree with her She tried not to spoil him, yet she came pretty near it.

She taught Isaac his letters when very young, and as a reward presented him with a new, shiny penny with a hole in it through which to put a string and suspend it round his neck She remembered learning her letters when she was no older than Isaac, and being rewarded in just the same way

The boy seemed to glide into reading without the least effort, and so devoted to his books as he was, he read from morning till night – "too much," his papa and mamma would have said, if they had only stayed on earth a little longer to take care of him but his grandmother loved to see children always employed Play she rather looked upon as a waste of time, and was very fond of saying that

Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

Certainly Isaac did not get into mischief, but he did get into trouble, and the way of it was this

Kate the Irish girl, who was very kind-hearted, was a great favorite with Isaac, she told him such queer stories, and sang him such funny Irish songs. He enjoyed spending an evening in the kitchen, especially if his grandmother, was out, and he was not liable to be called away from Kate's cheery society. But the kitchen was particularly attractive when her cousin Mary came in to gossip. Their tongues would go so fast, and their Irish brogue would sound so funny, that Isaac would sit and listen and laugh all over, and they would laugh, too, at his jolly little face.

One evening he was exceedingly interested in a piece of news that Mary told about a brother of hers living in England. "A broth of a boy," she called him, and he had just started on a pilgrimage to France to visit the shrine of "Our Lady of Lourdes." This was very puzzling to Isaac, and he pondered over it until Mary was gone.

Then he said, "Kate, tell me about that lady that Mary's brother went to see. What did he go for?"

"Sure an' I'll tell ye," said Kate, "for ye poor, little heathen, ye don't have none of the right teachin'. The blessed Virgin, who went up to the third heaven a long time ago, comes down and visits the poor sowls in that place, and cures them all up; them's as is sick, and sure and I'd like to travel there meself, for its heaven I'd get for the goin'."

"When do the people go, Katy?" asked Isaac, who was listening with the deepest interest, "in the day-time or night?"

"Well, I guess they laves when it's most convanient," answered Katy; "but sure, what wud your grandma say if she know how late ye were sittin' up. She'll be home soon and find ye, and such a dressin' as ye'll get."

"Well, good-night, Katy," said Isaac; "I'm not afraid of the dressing, but if grandma asks for me when she comes in, you just tell her I've gone to see the Lady of Lourdes, and get a blessing."

"Good night to ye, honey," said Kate, as she closed the door. "Sure and he's a quare sort of a boy," she said to herself. "What can he mane by goin' to see the Lady of Lourdes? He must be slapy and dhraming sure!" And Kate bolted the door, arranged her fire for the night, and then went up to her room, where she soon fell asleep and dreamed that Isaac had gone off and never came back.

Little Isaac was in earnest. He had no idea that the Lady of Lourdes held her court on the other side of the ocean, and though Isaac was a very reliable little fellow generally, seldom venturing anywhere without asking permission, yet now the temptation was very strong, and he had a feeling, also, that if he waited to ask his grandmother's leave she would put some obstacle in his way.

Ever since he had read the "Pilgrim's Progress" a pilgrimage had been the desire of his heart, and now it seemed as though this was just the thing—this that Katy had been telling him about, so he took a little bundle, made up hastily of two clean aprons, a comb, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," and slung it over his shoulder on the end of a stick, like Pilgrim's, as he had seen it in the picture, and then set forth.

He walked sturdily on almost to the other end of the city, asking now and then if any one could tell him the way to the "Lady of Lourdes."

Some laughed at him, and told him he was a youngster to be out that time of night; others shook their heads as if he were asking for money, and one man said, it was "rather late to go and call upon a lady."

All this was rather discouraging, but Isaac kept on, almost afraid to enquire his way again, but seeing a very pleasant-looking gentleman coming toward him, he determined to try once more.

This gentleman happened to have a dear little boy at home about Isaac's age, so when the little innocent face was raised to his, and the child said, "Will you please show me the way to the Lady of Lourdes? I'm going on a pilgrimage," though he could not help smiling at the idea of this child's undertaking such a journey, he took the trouble to explain to the boy that the Lady of Lourdes was supposed to live way over the water, in France, and that the best thing for him to do was to return home immediately So poor little Isaac, quite discouraged by such a sudden end to his journey, and feeling really very tired and sleepy, besides somewhat conscience-stricken for leaving home so slyly, was very ready to return with his new friend, who did not leave him till he saw him safe at home. There he found the house in commotion, his grandmother worried almost to death, and Kate wringing her hands and saying over and over again that he had left unbeknown to her.

Very few questions were asked, and very little was said to the little wanderer that night; but he was quickly undressed and tucked into his little bed, while his grandmother kissed him over and over again, she was so glad, she told Kate, that her precious boy had got back!

After breakfast the next morning, his grandmother took Isaac to her room, and said, very kindly,

"Now tell me, dear, all about it. I thought that Kate must be mistaken when she said you were going to find the Lady of Lourdes. Was it really true?"

"Yes, grandma, it was," answered Isaac, very frankly. "Mary and Kate were talking about this lady, and then Kate told me afterward that she gave a wonderful blessing to all who went there, and I did want a blessing, oh, so much."

"Well, dear," said grandma, in a very loving voice, while tears came into her eyes as she looked at the poor little pilgrim in front of her, "did you forget Jesus and that no blessing is equal to His? The Lady of Lourdes is not a real person at all; some ignorant, superstitious people in a little town in France, deluded themselves in the belief that the Virgin Mary appeared to them, and the priests have taken great pains to spread the idea, so as to bring crowds of people with enormous sums of money to visit her shrine.

"But I will tell you of a real, true pilgrimage, Isaac, on which you can start right away. It requires no money, and only this preparation—to put on the whole armor of God, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, and to have your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. God will give you all this for the asking, and thus armed you are ready for your journey to the heavenly home.

"To-day, this very moment, will the blessing be given, if you only ask earnestly of God. Go to your room, my dear, and may God bless you," and grandma laid her hand on Isaac's head as if she were really bringing the blessing to him.

Isaac's went to his room, and when his grandmother saw him again she felt sure that he had put on the armor of God.—*Exchange.*

TAMING A CANARY BIRD.

When I first put him into his new cage, he was as wild a bird as I ever saw. Of beautiful plumage, graceful form, and sly yet winsome ways, his natural song, blended with the notes of a nightingale, his first instructor, charmed all who chanced to hear it. I must confess, however, to some misgivings in my first endeavors to gain the affections of this bird. For several days he confronted my approaches by the most willful conduct, and every repeated attempt to gain his good-will was rebutted. I have seen birds that one could tame by simply talking to them in a natural, subdued voice But Tim was not one of this sort, and something more potent than "silvery tongue" was needed to impress him with a sense of the situation. Matters had thus continued for about a week or ten days, when I found myself obliged to resort to more severe measures. In the early morning his cage was cleaned, and fresh water put in, but no food was allowed. You would have smiled to see him peeping coyly down into his seed-cup, and yet disdainfully, on discovering nothing there. His apparent comprehension of "hard times" gave him the half-haughty and half-saddened look that most men wear under like circumstances. A two hours' survey gave him a pretty clear notion of the situation; he seemed now to take it all in at a glance, and whether convinced or not that this was his first lesson, he appeared to be at least a fit subject for further experiment So, without saying a word, I opened the cage-door, and, with a few seeds in my hand, I thrust the latter gently into the cage. But not yet had he reached the verge of starvation; the seeds looked tempting, to be sure, but not sufficiently so to lower his dignity. Hence a patient waiting of two hours more. Again the hand was thrust into the cage, a few seeds were snatched up with lightning speed, and after this I was given to understand that Tim is hungry, but never stoops! I counted it a most encouraging sign, however, that the bird should deign to pick up the seeds after a four hours' training. At the close of the sixth hour, Tim was as calm as an April sunset, he was, indeed, most tractable, and no sooner had I again put my hand containing the seeds into the cage than he perched upon my thumb as cheerily as though it had been his perch, and began to devour the proffered food.

I allowed him to satisfy his hunger for about a minute, then I drew my hand with the bird out of the cage, and retreated to a chair. Before I had seated myself, however, he had deserted me, and had perched above the window. "You may stay there all day, if you like, my fine fellow, but you'll find it a poor pasture for hungry birds." I held the seed-cup in my hand, and on the floor beside me lay a small vial of oil of anise. "When you get ready, you may come and get your seed, Tim," said I; and then I went on with my whistling. For a half-hour or more the bird had the freedom of the room, and half in despair and half eager to improve the time, I sat down at my writing-desk, placed the seed-cup and oil-bottle in front of me, and went on with my work. I had well nigh, while absorbed in other thoughts, forgotten Tim, when, on a sudden, I felt a slight rustling on my shoulder, and a moment later he was on the table in front of me. He was allowed to gather up a few more seeds; then I seized him gently, opened the vial, rubbed a very small quantity of the anise upon his nostrils, and then replaced him on the table. It must have been an hour before the intoxication or stupor (which, for the benefit of gentle readers, let me say is perfectly harmless) passed off; then the bird began to eat again, and, finally, on a little persuasion, hopped upon my finger, then on another, and so on back and forth until I put him back into his cage. Hardly was he returned when he poured forth his strains of sweetest melody.

On the next day, after cleaning the cage, I placed it on my table, leaving the door open and the seed-cup outside. It required no persuasion whatever to induce the bird to come out, and now every sign of terror had left him. While he ate I gently stroked his feathers, talked to him, whistled to him, fondled him—it was all I cared to do. Tim was conquered at last. He had learned his first lesson, namely, that to know the master he must become friendly to him, and, before receiving food, he must respect the giver. From that day to this the bird has been one of the family. Whereas formerly I had to contend in order to get him *out* of his cage, now I have to contend to get him into it. A part of the day he spends with me, singing while I write and work, now pulling the beads off my pen-wiper, and dropping them into the ink-stand; now removing the pins from the coil, and carrying them to the top of the bookcase; now getting into an open drawer, and playing mischief among my papers. Even while I write these words of his little story, he and a bullfinch are contending in front of me for possession of my blotter, and I will not say them "nay" to their little antics. —*From Appletons' Journal for August.*

THE MANUFACTURE OF DOLLS.

Germany, Switzerland, and France are the principal store-houses of toys, but the manufacture of the wax doll is a specialty of England, France being the only rival in this respect. The French dolls, however wide their reputation for beauty and tasteful dress may have spread abroad, are not fancied by the English children, who wish their toys for play-things, and not for ornaments.

Even in this small matter the characteristics of the two nations are very apparent. The English doll is substantial and well made, can be dressed and undressed, is plain in her attire, and dressed like a child; very different from her fine furbelowed French sister, arrayed like a marquise in silks and satins, with her eye-glass and her poodle dog.

The number of people employed in the manufacture of dolls is astonishing, and in large establishments nearly the whole work takes place on the premises, every person having his or her own particular work or specialty. In some of these wholesale establishments in London thousands of dolls are turned out in the course of a week.

The work of one man is the making of the head. This is done by pouring melted wax into a mould or cast of the head and features Some of the wax, however, is poured off before it has time to become all perfectly solid. In this way the more expensive ones are made. The others are of composition, or paper coated over with wax, and are much more generally used, as they are less expensive, and not so easily cracked or broken. Another man's entire work is to put in the eyes. With a sharp knife he cuts away the wax for the sockets. After properly adjusting the glass eyes, he fastens them in by pouring a little melted wax in the scull, which, coming in contact with the glass, cools, and keeps them in place. With the more expensive dolls he models the eyelids and eyebrows with his hand. This requires considerable skill and long practice to accomplish successfully.

These little glass eyes are imported from Germany. Hundreds of gross of them, assorted, in sizes and packed in large cases, are sent over to England annually.

When the eyes are inserted in the head, the next point is the putting on of the hair This is an important consideration with the manufacturer, being the most costly part of the whole toy. In many of the best dolls the hair and its insertion cost as much as the rest of the head put together, for no doll would be considered perfect unless its hair were natural, that is, unless it could be combed and brushed without injury. This work is all done by women. The head to be adorned is placed on a block, the operator holding in her left hand, the hair, carefully combed and cut to a

uniform length; in her right hand a dull knife, with which she lifts a small piece of wax, and pushes the hair underneath. When she has finished this process, by inserting only two or three hairs at a time, she takes an iron roller and gently but firmly rubs it over the surface, thus fastening the hair securely on the head. This is a very tedious process, and only used in the more expensive dolls. In the less expensive or composition ones, a deep groove is cut completely through the scull, along the top of the the head where the parting is to be, ad uncurled ends of the ringlets are pushed in with a blunt knife, and then fastened down with paste.

Black hair, which is seldom used for dolls, is almost entirely human, and is imported from the Continent, while the flaxen locks so universally preferred are made of mohair. This material is specially manufactured for the purpose, and there is one house in London which supplies nearly all the English as well as the best French and German makers. It is of a remarkably soft and silky texture, and is sold in little bundles of different lengths.

Having finished with the doll's head, the body is now to be considered. Upon this a number of people are employed, chiefly women, assisted by the younger members of their families, each of whom takes one special part. The manufacturer gives out so many yards of cotton, and he knows to an inch how much material each dozen dolls will require, according to their size. The body-maker takes it home, and accomplishes the work in the following manner: One person cuts out the body of the doll, another sews it, a third runs in the sawdust, a fourth makes the joints, and in this way a family will produce many dozen in a week. The payment of this work is by the piece.

The arms form another branch of this manufacture, upon which certain persons are almost exclusively employed. Except for the very commonest class of dolls, the arms are made of kid below the elbow, and cotton above; and in every case there is an attempt at fingers, although their number may not always be correct. The price paid for these arms complete is incredibly small. The work woman furnishes the kid, cotton, and sawdust, and for large arms about six inches long receives 6½*d.* for a dozen pairs, or thirteen cents in American money. Small arms for cheaper dolls are supposed to be worth only 1½*d.* a dozen pairs, or three cents. As these poor people furnish the material, it must be difficult to keep starvation from their doors, unless they have other means of support.

The putting of the head and arms together is the last process. This is done with glue and thread. The doll is then wrapped in tissue-paper, and ready for the market.

At least twenty different people are employed in making a doll, not counting those who manufacture the raw material, that is, the wax, the eyes, the cotton, and the hair. In London there are sixteen wholesale establishments or manufactories, and as for the retail dealers, it is impossible to calculate their number, as there are so few who make toys a specialty, they being generally sold with other things. This will give an idea of the number of people employed in England alone in manufacturing these apparently trivial articles. Still trifling as they are, toys are supposed to be the necessities of children, and in Europe, where labor is cheap and plentiful, so much skill and time are bestowed on these Lilliputian articles that they have attained a high degree of perfection.—*Exchange.*

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

Men who love their money more than they do their families are thus described in *Harper's Bazar*:—

Certainly these men must be destitute of family affection in any intense degree, for we have known families who lived on little but oatmeal from year's end to year's end, and sold half the milk of the cow at that; who never had so much as the ears of the yearly pig that was sold to the butcher; who, though they worked in the garden, had none of the vegetables, and who would as soon have touched the fruit of the tree of life as have dared to pick an apple; yet the father sat in high places, and was respected as a moneyed man, with the vague aura surrounding him that somehow seems always to accompany the possession of money even in the hands of the most unworthy, instead of being execrated as a ruffian for his cruelty to animals, if for nothing else. "Too much luxury!" he said, when he found an ambitious married daughter had carved with her own hands a common ingrain carpet for her little parlor; and he cut her off with a shilling.

Nor can they value the opinion of those about them. "Give me back the penny, pretty one," said a man who was an authority in his town, two-thirds of which he owned, having given a child a coin to keep it quiet for a moment or two; "a cent spoils the face of a dollar." And sometimes it is a puzzle to us whether they really do love money as a possession, or as an abstract entity to which honor is due, for we have heard of one of them who, dropping a dime beneath a door-sill, and finding his own efforts unavailing to remove it, hired a laborer to take up the door-stone, and paid him a quarter for the job. Yet it is possible that such a case as that only emphasizes the love of it, since the recovery of the dime was felt to be worth the greater sum; and quite as possibly the computation of the interest on that dime, lying idle and lost for all time weighed heavily in the balance against the expenditure of the quarter for value received in work; and there may, after all, have been only a braggadocio about it and a sacrifice of real feeling in the fancy that it might afterward be said, "He does not love money so much as exactitude and justice."

Such men are almost invariably as tyrannical as they are close-fisted; indeed, the exercise of their dominant quality obliges them to hold the rein closely. The result of this in the family is usually open insubordination, petty theft, constant deceit, or else a slavish submission that begets a chronic weakness of mind which, not daring to think, borders closely upon stupidity. "My dear," said one of these tyrants, "we are using a great deal of light in these hard times. Two candles are an extravagance nowadays. I think, considering the high price of living, we must content ourselves with burning one candle, no matter who it may be that drops in in the evening. They must take us as they find us." And the slave quite agreed. But on coming home the next night, what was his amazement to find two candles burning! He quietly extinguished one, and waited for the departure of the guests in order to expostulate with his wife. "I don't know what you mean," answered the slave, with a flicker of indignation. "I was only burning the one; I took one candle, and cut it in two."

It seems to us that such people as these are really almost outside the pale of humanity. They afford only pain and no pleasure during their lives and their deaths might be called their first praiseworthy act. Families have rights as well as heads of families, and it is not even questionable how far a man is warranted in mortifying and humiliating his wife and daughters and sons in order to gratify any whim or idiosyncrasy of his own that is not founded in law and logic. There are but few wives and daughters in all the sum of society who do not deserve well of husbands and fathers. In the great number there are not many who would commit, or wish to commit, unjustifiable extravagances if they were informed of the facts of the case; and there are still fewer who, if a course of penuriousness were necessary and right for any desirable or laudable object, or even if they were only assured that it was so by one whom they trusted, would not do their best, and make every personal sacrifice in carrying it out. We have even known cases where they did so to satisfy the father's notion of saving, when there was no real reason for it, because he was otherwise kind and they felt that to be a peculiarity not to be cured and saw that the pain the sacrifice cost him was more than the pleasure an opposite course would yield them. And for such wives and daughters who may be unable to better circumstances, either through youth or ill health by self-exertion, we think the pressure of public opinion should exert its authority, and compel sufficient decency of appearance for the victims to feel that they are certainly of the value of a sparrow, two of which are sold for a penny.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other *Emerson.*

Twenty Christians can fight heroically where one can suffer greatly and be strong and be still.—*Dr. Cuyler*

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—*Carlyle.*

A laugh to be joyous must flow from a joyous heart, but without kindness there can be no true joy.—*Julius Hare.*

The more enlarged is our mind, the more we discover of men of originality. Your commonplace people see no difference between one and another.—*Pascal.*

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Sampson, and tells neither father nor mother about it.—*Lavater.*

What we want in Christ we always find in Him. When we want nothing we find nothing When we want little we find little. When we want much we find much.—But when we want everything, and get reduced to complete nakedness and beggary, we find in Him God's complete treasure-house, out of which come gold, and jewels, and garments to clothe us, wavy in the richness and glory of the Lord.—*Sears.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

XXIII

From the tangled thicket bounding,
Roars my first,
Through the wild his voice, resounding,
Hath dispersed
All the tribes that prowl and prey
In the night,
From his path they flee away
With affright

O'er the path my second gliding
Bites the heels;
In the treacherous wine-cup hiding,
Stings and kills.
But the Christ, creation's Head,
David's Root,
Shall my first and second tread
Under foot!

Look! my third has made its dwelling
Underground;
And its mimic mountains swelling,
Rise around
Image of the carnal mind,
Child of earth,
'Tis by nature dark and blind
From its birth.

So my fourth, with scanty vision
Of the light,
Flitting, finds its whole provision
In the night.
To my third and fourth, 'tis told,
Man shall cast
All their gods of sordid gold,
At the last.

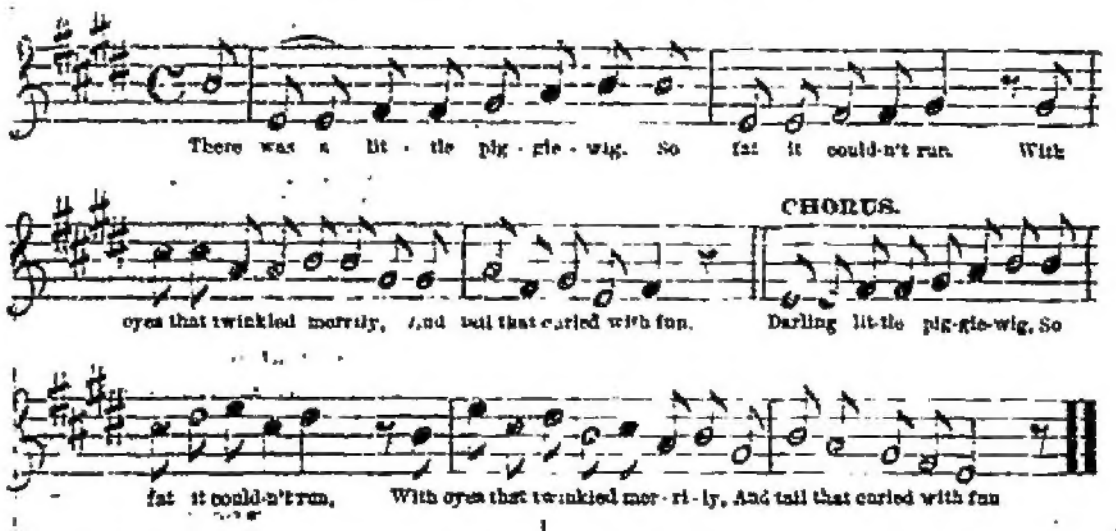
Who the four initials borrows,
Shall display
One, who all our sins and sorrows
Bore away:
Like this creature though Divine—
He became,
And his name in type and sign,
Is the same.

"A WAY OF ITS OWN."—A little girl had a canary in a cage, and wishing to let it fly through the room, she opened the door of the cage. The bird at once fluttered and flew, knocking itself against the wires inside the cage. When quite exhausted it came out at the little door of the cage. "Mamma," said the little girl, "why did not the canary come out at the door at once when I opened it?" Her mamma replied, "Because the little bird was trying to get out by a way of its own." How often do sinners try to get to heaven by a way of their own, and when quite exhausted, they at last enter through Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.—*The Baptist Messenger.*

—As bearing upon the question whether it is not better to tell a lie, or to rob a bank, or to cheat in trade, or to commit one crime or another, than to lose one's life, or to come to poverty, this aphorism translated from the Sanskrit is worthy of the attention of those who do not think the Bible teachings are sufficiently explicit on the subject: "What ought not to be done, ought never to be done, even if the loss of life threaten, and what ought to be done, should not be left undone; —this is eternal law."—*S. S. Times*

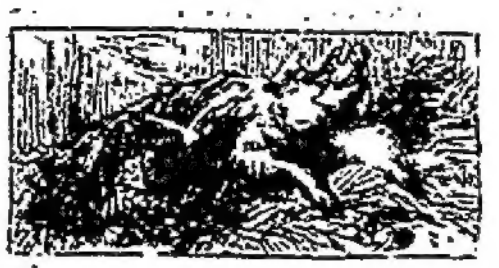
—A Chinaman's theological notions are dissimilar to ours: Rev. Mr. Selby, of Canton, says he asked a Chinaman if his sins were forgiven, and he replied he did not feel confident about all of them, but he was sure that seventy per cent. of them were forgiven.

LITTLE PIGGIE-WIG.


There was a lit - tle pig - gie - wig. So fat it could-n't run. With
CHORUS.
eyes that twinkled merrily, And tail that curled with fun. Darling lit-tle pig-gie-wig, So
fat it could-n't run, With eyes that twinkled mer - ri - ly, And tail that curled with fun

This piggie was a cleanly pig,
With skin as white as snow,
And every day it had a bath,
Which fatter made it grow.
Funny little piggie-wig, &c.

This piggie had a little trough,
Which was always filled with food
Bran and broth, and turnips too,
And every thing that's good.
Lucky little piggie-wig, &c.



Its little bed was made at night
Of lovely meadow hay,
There, covered up all but the nose,
It snored till break of day.
Cosy little piggie-wig, &c.

With sleeping and with eating,
The piggie grew so fat,
That at last it couldn't walk or run,
So on its haunches sat.
Lazy little piggie-wig, &c.

At length it grew so very fat,
It really couldn't see,
But the fatter, still the jollier,
And it so laughed "*Ho! ho!*"
Happy little piggie-wig, &c.

At last one day a strange man came,
Alas for piggie then,
For all at once he disappeared,
And was never seen again.
Poor little piggie-wig, &c.

NEVER ALL DARK.

"It is all dark," said baby Nell,
"The sun has gone away;"
"But God will send the stars to us,"
Said little sister May
"He never lets it be all dark
'Cept for a little while,
And then I guess He hides His face,
So we can't see Him smile!"

Dear child, what comfort comes to me
Through these few simple words;
Sweeter they are than melody
Of early singing birds.
"Never all dark," I softly say,
"But for a little while,
And then somewhere behind the cloud,
There gleams a hidden smile."

—Mrs. F. M. Betts, in the Congregationalist

WOMEN'S PRAYER-MEETINGS.

I would like to urge upon my friends everywhere the establishment of women's prayer-meetings. I know that many ladies shrink from going to them, because they dread being asked to take part in them audibly. It is my impression that every one should be allowed the largest liberty in this regard. The person who leads should not call upon any one by name to pray or to speak, unless she is sure that her doing so will occasion no embarrassment. She can easily find out this by a question beforehand. If opportunity is afforded and hearts are kindled by the influence of the Holy Spirit there will be no trouble about this. . . that have always been looked in silence will be unloosed, gentle voices which have only been lifted in lullabies at home, will lead the choral praise.

A word of advice to those who do undertake a meeting. Begin it in somebody's parlor or sitting-room. The church is apt to be too cold in more than one sense. The school-room frightens by its formally ranged benches and desks. Do not have a stiff arrangement of chairs, in regular rows, as if for a funeral. Talk, do not make addresses. Do not cry, if you can help it, when you speak or pray. One who desires to do others good should have her emotional nature under control. It is distressing to hear a woman gasp and choke and gurgle when she is trying to utter petitions in the ear of the Lord. Speak loud enough to be heard all around the room. Do not rely upon the presence of a gifted sister, or upon well conducted and thoroughly-planned machinery. Depend wholly upon the Lord. Implore the Holy Spirit, and believe that He is there. Take the promises, one by one, and claim them for yours, to be redeemed now and here. A present help is the Christ of your love and trust. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost look for aid, and you will receive it. —*Advocate and Guardian*

—The great error of benevolent people nowadays is that they will do everything largely. They begin far off, instead of near at hand. They will subscribe thousands of pounds for the famine in India, the widows and orphans of a shipwreck or a colliery accident, the presenting of a testimonial to the widow and children of some notable man, who in most cases ought to have himself provided for his belongings; but the duty of seeing that the two or three families who depend on them have enough wages to live upon, a decent house to live in, and some kindly supervision and instruction to help them to live a sanitary and virtuous life, is far too small a thing for your great philanthropists. Yet if they would manage to do this, and only this—just as every one in a large city is compelled to sweep the snow from his own door-step—what an aggregate of advantage would be reached! —*Mrs. Craik.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XIII.

SEPTEMBER 23.]

PAUL AT MILETUS. (About 58 A. D.)

READ Acts xx. 17-32. RECITE vs. 22-27.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xx. 17-32. *T.*—1 Pet. v. 1-11. *W.*—2 Cor. xi. 18-33. *Th.*—Luke xviii. 22-34. *F.*—Heb. xiii. 1-17. *Sa.*—1 Pet. i. 18-25. *S.*—John x. 1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.—2 Cor. iv. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The whole counsel of God is to be declared.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The Ephesians, excited by Demetrius and the silversmiths, rushed into the theatre; the crowd was appeased and dismissed by the "townclerk." Paul left Ephesus (probably early in 57 A. D.) for Macedonia and Greece, returned to Troas early in 58 A. D., restored Eutychus, and started for Jerusalem by way of Miletus, Tyre, and Cæsarea. At Miletus, the "elders" of the church at Ephesus visited him.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Observe the sincerity with which Paul appeals to the Ephesians to testify of his faithfulness among them, and then his tender warning of coming dangers.

NOTES.—*Miletus*, a city in the province of Asia, thirty miles south of Ephesus, and on the southeastern side of a gulf emptying into the Ægean Sea from the east; this gulf was formed by the river Meander. It was a city having considerable shipping and commerce. It is now desolate, and noted only for the ruins of its theatre, still to be seen.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL'S FIDELITY. (II.) PAUL'S WARNING TO THE EPHESIAN BRETHREN.

I. PAUL'S FIDELITY. (17.) MILETUS, called also Miletum. 2 Tim. iv. 20; see Notes. (18.) YE KNOW, "ye yourselves know" (*Conybeare*); ALL SEASONS, or "all the time." (19.) HUMILITY, lowliness of mind; TEMPTATIONS, trials, LYING IN WAIT, secret plotting of the Jews. (22.) BOUND IN SPIRIT, "impelled by a sense of duty" (*Hackett.*), or "restrained or kept from knowing future things, etc." (*Alexander.*) "spirit" does not refer to the Holy Spirit, as in v. 23. (24.) MY LIFE DEAR, valuable, he does not say his life is of no value, only not valuable to himself. (25.) SEE MY FACE NO MORE, a strong conviction that he would not see them again.—(*Bigby.*) (26.) I TAKE YOU TO RECORD, I call on you to witness or testify. PURE, innocent of. (27.) SHUNNED, see v. 20.

I. QUESTIONS.—State where Paul went after the uproar at Ephesus. Describe his journey back to Miletus. How far from Ephesus was Miletus? Who met Paul there? By whose request? State the subject of the first part of Paul's address to the Ephesian brethren. The three ways in which his fidelity was shown from v. 19. The four or five other ways he had been faithful to them as stated in vs. 20, 21. How was he expecting to show his fidelity at Jerusalem? What did he say of his life? Of finishing his "course" and ministry?

II. PAUL'S WARNING. (28.) THE FLOCK, Christians at Ephesus, see Luke xii. 32; 1 Pet. v. 2, 3; OVERSEERS, inspectors, guardians (*Greek—Episcopos*), elsewhere translated "bishop," 1 Pet. ii. 25; Phil. i. 1; 1 Tim. iii. 2, Titus i. 7. (29.) DEPARTING, may refer to his death or his leaving them at that time. GRIEVOUS WOLVES, false teachers, Matt. vii. 15, 2 Pet. ii. 1, ENTER, coming from without, in contrast with those of the next verse. (30.) PERVERSE, crooked, distorted things; DRAW AWAY, from the truth and the Church. (31.) WATCH, be wakeful; REMEMBER, "keep in mind my watchfulness and work." (32.) COMMEND YOU TO GOD, blessed are they whom God accepts for safe keeping!

II. QUESTIONS.—Why did Paul warn the Ephesian brethren? Against what? From where would the first class of false teachers come? Where would the second class arise from? What were the "overseers" to do and to remember? To whom were they commended? What is said of God's power to keep and strengthen them?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That Christian teachers should not keep back any portion of the gospel?

(2.) That Christians are to watch against false teachers?

(3.) That earnest teachers will plead unceasingly with the impenitent until they are converted?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Repentance.* Philip Henry used to say, "If I were to die in the pulpit, I would desire to die preaching repentance; or if I were to die out of the pulpit I would desire to die practicing repentance." "He that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die will have the sins of but one day to repent of."

Finish my course with joy. Speaking of the wreck of the steamer in which a noted minister perished, Dr. F. W. Alexander says: 'They expected to go to pieces at sunset, but did not until four in the morning. All night the howling storm, the fires all out, the cold insufferable, a few biscuits, but no water to drink, and the bell tolling all the while! The last time the minister is reported to have been seen he was standing above surveying the scene, perfectly calm, and uttered these words: "I hope we may reach the shore, but if not, my confidence is firm in that God who doeth all things in wisdom and love."'

Warning. Warn the boatman before he enters the current, and then, if he is swept down the rapids, he destroys himself. Warn the man before he drinks the cup of poison and then, if he drinks it, his death lies at his own door. And so let us warn Christians of their dangers through false teachers, and sinners of theirs from the coming consequences of sin, that their blood be not required at our hand.

LESSON XIV.

SEPTEMBER 30.]

REVIEW.

TIME.—About 47 A. D. to 58 A. D.

PERSONS.—Paul, Herod, Barnabas, Elymas, Silas, Timothea, Lydia, Jason, Aquilla, Priscilla, Apollos, Demetrius.

PLACES.—Antioch, Cyprus, Antioch in Pisidia, Lystra, Jerusalem, Macedonia, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, Miletus.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.—Col. iii. 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Believers do all things for Christ.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xiii. 26-42. *T.*—Acts xiv. 8-28. *W.*—Acts xv. 8-22. *Th.*—Acts xvi. 25-40. *F.*—Acts xvii. 16-33. *Sa.*—Acts xix. 8-41. *S.*—2 Tim. ii. 1-26.

PLAN OF REVIEW.—The past thirteen lessons relate chiefly to the work of Paul the apostle during his three great missionary journeys. One lesson refers to the council at Jerusalem, held to consider the troubles in the church at Antioch, which Paul and Barnabas reported. This was after Paul's first and before second his missionary journey. The starting point of all his missionary journeys was Antioch in Syria.

A most natural grouping of the lessons for review, therefore, is about these journeys:

I. Paul's First Missionary Journey, Lessons I.-IV.

II. Paul and the Council at Jerusalem, Lesson V.

III. Paul's Second Missionary Journey, Les. VI.-X.

IV. Paul's Third Missionary Journey, Les. XI.-XIII.

I. PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

PAUL IN CYPRUS.—Why there? From what city did he start? From what port sail? By whom sent? With whom? In what city preach? What other city in Cyprus? Who heard him? Who opposed? How rebuked? Who believed? What helper left for Jerusalem?

PAUL AT ANTIOCH.—Where was this Antioch? How far from Antioch in Syria? The substance of Paul's preaching there? Recite the Golden Text and Central Truth.

PAUL AT LYSTRA, perceived whom? Why did he heal him? What did the people think? What do? What did they call Paul? Barnabas? Why? How prevented from offering sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas? By whom driven from Lystra?

II. PAUL AND THE COUNCIL AT JERUSALEM.

THE YOKE BROKEN.—What yoke is meant? Who carried this question to Jerusalem? From what church? By whom was it settled? State the things Gentile Christians were to avoid.

III. PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

PAUL SENT TO MACEDONIA.—From what place sent? What disciple was found at Lystra? How regarded by Christians? By whom chosen as a helper? At what place did Paul have the call to Macedonia? Describe the manner of the call. What Paul inferred from it.

PAUL AND SILAS IN PRISON.—At what place? By whom cast into prison? Why? How was the jailer charged? How did he follow the order? What did Paul and Silas do in prison? At what time? State what happened as they sang praises in prison. The fear of the jailer. What was he about to do? How prevented? From whom hear the gospel? How receive it? What proofs did he give of his conversion?

THESSALONIANS AND BEREANS.—How compared as to their study of the Scriptures? What action did the Jews at the former place take? Who were chosen for their associates in the "uproar?" Who opposed the preaching of Paul at Berea? How did Paul escape?

PAUL AT ATHENS, during which of his three journeys? Where did he preach in Athens? Describe Mars' Hill. State the substance of Paul's sermon. How was it received? Who believed?

PAUL AT CORINTH.—Who were found there? Of what trade? What trade had Paul learned? Who came from Macedonia to aid him in preaching? How were the opposers treated? Who authorized the sign of "shaking off the dust of the feet?" State its meaning. Describe the vision of Paul at Corinth. Why granted?

IV. PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

PAUL AT EPHESUS.—From whence did Paul come to Ephesus this time? When had he been there before? For how long? Who were found there at the second visit? How instructed? What did they receive? In whose school did Paul teach? Why did he leave the synagogue? Describe the miracles he wrought.

POWER OF THE WORD.—How shown? Why were the books burned? State the cost of them. Who stirred up trouble in Ephesus? Why? Describe their notion. Whom did they worship? Describe her temple at Ephesus. How were the people quieted?

PAUL AT MILETUS.—Whither was Paul going when he sent for the "elders" at Ephesus? State his claims as to faithfulness with them. His warning to them. Against what two classes? To whom were they commended?

State some of the practical lessons we may learn from Paul's missionary labors.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

PSA. 25 : 14.

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THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER OF THE DOMINION MONTHLY contains the beginning of an illustrated article by Col. Gray, entitled "On the Stickine." The Stickine is a river in Alaska, up which Col. Grey recently made a trip, the account of which he presents to our readers.

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GOOD HEALTH AND AN EVEN TEMPER ARE two of the best accomplishments young ladies can have, and these are necessary adjuncts to a beautiful face. The marks of a peevish disposition are not long in stamping themselves on any face, naturally the most beautiful. But who can help feeling peevish when ill-health comes? Very few, indeed, more especially when it is from dyspepsia. A bad cook, if chained in carrying words of comfort to a sick friend, is endurable; but it is difficult to enjoy one taken through an act of bravado. Just so when young ladies become invalids through obeying the dictates of that fashion which says: "Pet be corsets and lace them as tightly as possible," and others of a similar kind, they find that everything has been lost and nothing found. With the growth of the knowledge of the human system, fashion will begin to obey sanitary laws. The publishers of DRESS AND HEALTH have done much to direct public attention to this matter. This little book has met with a cordial reception in England, Ireland and Scotland, as well as in Canada, and the sixth thousand is now ready for sale. For 30 cents each copies will be sent post free to any address in America.

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